

### **A Light from a Doorway**

A light shines in from a doorway crack,  
Yet I still turn my back.  
I look deeply into twin fields of wheat, the floor rises, I'm falling off my feet.  
The dark blanket waves in the chilled night air,  
Like the wings of a dove, or the ears of a hare.  
My mind races, for a minute or two,  
Then slowly indulges in a friendly clue.

The foreign love begins to race,  
The beats in my chest; an unsteady pace.  
The world spins up, and all around,  
Pride, integrity, faith on the ground.  
Unfamiliar comfort as smooth as water,  
My heart and my mind teeter and totter.  
I am too young to know this ache,  
Of genuine love we never make.  
I tell myself I ought to wait,  
Time and patience; a perfect mate.

The clock on the wall strikes another hour,  
I push, I pull, I force, I cower.  
Such a distant life I fake,  
To have such love to give and take.  
Yet I return to a light from a door,  
My jeans, my heart, my life on the floor.

When passions subside and reality checks,  
Scrapes, bites, and bruises on necks.  
What feels so good, is just so wrong,

I see my face; red, long.  
The robes return and departures are near,  
The back of my mind lurks constant fear.  
For I know I shall always adjourn,  
Having my heart twist and burn.

Yet I return to a light from a door,  
An end to an end, never more.